

# THE Animal Extracts

Prepared according to the formula of  
**DR. W. A. HAMMOND,**  
In his laboratory at Washington, D. C.  
The most wonderful therapeutic  
discovery since the days of Jenner.

**CEREBRINE,** From the brain.  
**MEDULLINE,** From the spinal cord.  
**CARDINE,** From the heart.  
**TESTINE,** From the testes.  
**OVARINE,** From the ovaries.

The physiological effects produced by a single dose of Cerbrine are acceleration of the pulse with feeling of fullness and dilatation of the blood vessels, augmentation of the excretory action of the bladder and peristaltic action of the intestines, increase in muscular strength and endurance, increased power of vision in elderly people, and increased appetite and digestive power.

Dose, Five Drops. Price (2 drachms), \$2.50.  
THE COLUMBIA CHEMICAL CO.,  
Washington, D. C.

Sold by Book.  
Lodge Drug Company, Agents for Wheeling.  
1017-17th St.

## OLD Export Whiskey.



Guaranteed Eight Years Old.

It certainly is a duty and our desire to acquaint you with the excellent quality of our Export Whiskey when you need this article for medicinal or family purposes. There is none on the market more entitled to your consideration. It has age, purity and being free from all injurious ingredients should command your attention.

Full Quarts, \$1.00.  
Sold in Wheeling only by  
**John Klari,** COR. MARKET AND  
SIXTH STREETS.  
Mail and express orders will receive prompt attention. 103, FLEMING & SON,  
112 Market Street, Pittsburgh.

## A LADY'S TOILET

Is not complete without an ideal  
**COMPLEXION POWDER.**

## POZZONI'S

Combines every element of beauty and purity. It is beautifying, soothing, healing, healthful, and harmless, and when rightly used is invisible. A most delicate and desirable protection to the face in this climate.

Insist upon having the genuine.  
IT IS FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

## A Favorite

Of Hospitals and Physicians.

## Silver Age Rye Whiskey

Noted for its purity and merits and is guaranteed by my signature to be free from all adulterations.

**MAX KLEIN,**  
ALLEGHENY, PA.  
Druggists, hotels and dealers sell it at a uniform price of  
\$1.50 per full quart.

**WHEELING DRUG CO., Agents**  
1037-17th St. WHEELING, W. VA.

## MEDICAL.

## VIGOR OF MEN

Easily, Quickly, Permanently Restored.

**MAGNETIC NERVE** is sold with written guarantee to restore lost manhood. Cures weakness, nervous debility and all the evils from early or later excess. Full strength, tone and development given to every organ or portion of the body. Improvement immediately seen from the first box. Thousands of letters of praise on file in our office. Can be carried in vest pocket. Sent by mail to any address on receipt of price. One month's treatment in each box. Price \$1.00, boxes, \$3.00, with written guarantee to refund money if not cured. Send to us for the Genuine. Circulars Free.

Chas. R. Goetz and W. W. Irwin. 1727-DAY

## CONSUMPTION

SURELY CURED.

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address. Respectfully, T. A. Sloan, M. D., No. 183 Pearl Street, New York.

## MALYDOR

THE 1 TO 4 DAY CURE FOR GONORRHOEA, GLEET, LEUCORRHOEA, AND ALL PRIVATE DISEASES. At once stops all pain and swelling. No matter how long the disease has been present, Malydor is the only cure. Malydor Mfg. Co., Lancaster, O., U.S.A.

## MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

Music at Half Price.  
Hereafter we will sell all new and standard Sheet Music at HALF PRICE.  
F. W. BAUMER & CO.

## AUTUMNAL DREAMS.

When the maple turns to crimson  
And the sunsets glow in gold;  
When the gentian's in the meadow  
And the aspen's in the wind;  
When the moon is leaping in vapor  
And the night is frosty cold;  
When the chestnut buds are opened  
And the acorns drop like hail,  
And the drowsy air is stirred  
With the humming of the fall;  
With the drumming of the partridge  
And the whistle of the quail;  
Through the rustling woods I wander,  
Through the hush of the year;  
From the yellow uplands calling:  
Seeking her that still is dear:  
She is near me in the Autumn  
She, the beautiful, is near.

—BAYARD TAYLOR.

## A GHOST STORY.

On the outskirts of Hollerton, a large northern town of some importance as a manufacturing centre, there stood a few years ago a house of considerable size, which was commonly said to be haunted.

The last tenant and owner was Squire Dudley, to whom also belonged many broad acres of the district. At the age of forty he married a girl of seventeen. Incompatibility of temper, it was said, led to frequent misunderstandings and quarrels; and angry voices, and sometimes screams, were heard proceeding from the dwelling. Two sons were born to the couple. The elder, soon after attaining his majority, went abroad to seek his fortune. Disagreements with his father and an inclination to a roaming life led to this decision. The younger turned out a good-for-nothing scapegrace. Having made serious inroads into his father's resources, and having rendered himself liable to penal servitude by neighborhood and forgery, he fled the neighborhood and country. Then everything in that household went awry to rack and ruin; and in winter, about Christmas time, Squire Dudley and his wife mysteriously disappeared. After a brief interval, the creditor took possession, stripped the house of its contents, leaving only a little lumber; and from that day to the time of which I write, rats, spiders and the reputed ghosts were its only occupants. According to common report no human foot had crossed its threshold for at least ten years.

The gossip of the neighborhood teemed with accounts of the awful sounds that had been heard issuing from the building. Groans, shrieks and piteous wails, unlike any that had ever come from human lips, broke upon the midnight darkness. The bell, that seemed to sob and moan, had scared many a traveler into rapid flight.

Such was the story related to a little convivial party, in which I was included, seated around the smoking room of the Crown Hotel, Hollerton, on the 23d of December, 18—.

The party consisted of two London commercial, both of them friends of mine; a rich grocer, who related the story; the leading draper of the town, and myself—Tom Smith.

The grocer thoroughly believed in the "spiritual manifestations," as he termed the doing of the ghost. The other men were slightly skeptical; as for myself, I utterly and emphatically pooh-poohed everything attributed to the ghost.

"Well," said the grocer, with a warmth. "Ah wouldn't spend a night in that house alone, on condition that you and the other gentlemen guarantee that the sum of £100 be paid me on Christmas day."

It is needless to detail the discussion that ensued. At last a document was drawn up and signed by all present to the effect that I was to receive the sum named on carrying out my part of the agreement. I bargained for a chair, bedstead, bedding and a flask of whiskey.

I arranged the bedstead in the corner of my chamber, and with the aid of the piece of skirting board and two heaps of plaster, made a rough stand on which to place the candlestick.

I wetted my lips with the contents of the flask, made myself comfortable on the bed, and took from my pocket the best talic I know of for low spirits—"Pickwick."

After two or three hours' reading I felt drowsy, ate a sandwich, resorted to the flask and went off into a troubled slumber.

I awoke in a fright. A moaning and wailing greeted my ears. It came during a lull in the wind, and sent a tremor through my blood.

A stray rat scudded across the floor and disappeared down some convenient hole. I hope devoutly he was not a scout sent from headquarters to reconnoiter.

Like a timid schoolgirl, I pulled the blankets over my head and tried to woe repose.

tul nightmare without sleep. I felt utterly powerless—paralyzed in every limb. The sense of hearing vanished. My eyes were closed against my will; I could not open them. All that I was conscious of was a sensation of the utmost terror. I thought I was dying, or passing into another state or another world. Presently I felt something touching my neck, like cold, icy fingers or cold steel. Then, before my closed eyes, there seemed to be a glowing light. I strive to speak, but my tongue clung to the roof of my mouth. Again those icy fingers at my neck! My coat and linen about my neck were being unfastened. I suddenly emerged from my torpid condition, saw the candle falling to the floor, and the figure of a giant, withering creature leaving the room. The figure was clothed, as it seemed, in a tattered gray garment, and over her shoulders long white hair streamed. It was but a momentary glance I had, for the candle was extinguished as it touched the floor.

I sprang to my feet. The bell rang rang thrice. Then all was silent, save for the still wind. I groped about for the matches, but could not find them. I raised my hand to my neck, expecting to find trickling blood; but there were no signs of any wound. At that moment I heard a low, plaintive voice on the landing—"That wound, that scar, it is there!" I felt again at my neck, but with the same result as before. I groped about frantically for the matches, but in vain.

After a few minutes the voice spoke a second time on the landing or on the stairs. It muttered two words, repeated thrice at intervals: "The Resurrection! The Resurrection!"

The words rose and fell with a mournful cadence, mingled with terror and helplessness, and gradually died away as the speaker withdrew to a distance.

I stepped softly to the landing. It was in pitch darkness. I dared not move either to the upper or lower rooms without a light to guide me.

I returned to my chamber, sat on the side of the bed and listened for further sounds. Surely, I thought, I was strong enough to cope with the apparition, however murderous its intentions might be. Why should I succumb to cowardice?

I heard the boards creak in the room above me, the low mutterings, as if coming from two or three voices—next, a steady footstep pacing to and fro, ceasing for a moment, and renewed on the stairs, nearer and nearer the footstep advanced. Horror! that torpid sensation was stealthily creeping over me again, which I felt powerless to resist! There was a glimmer of light through the half-open door, and footstep abruptly stopped, a loud though tremulous voice pealed and echoed through the house: "Richard, Richard, Richard Dudley!"

The voice recalled my ebbing senses. A thousand thoughts urged my brain. Was I really a human being, or had I passed into a transition state, bordering on the world of spirits?

Again that voice: "Richard, Richard, Richard Dudley!"

I started to my feet and made my way to the landing; and there, at the foot of the stairs, stood the woman clad in gray, a candle held aloft in one hand and a framed portrait of a youth in the other. I gazed in speechless, awestruck amazement, for I beheld in that ashen withered face—my own mother!

I was, indeed, Richard Dudley, the elder son of the squire.

The meeting was, indeed, like a resurrection to both of us. I prefer to draw a veil over much that passed between us from the moment of recognition to the time my friends returned. My mother led the way to a small attic chamber lighted by a window in the roof. Out of boxes and other lumber, left behind by the creditors, she had contrived to form a table and rough bedstead. And here, secreted from the world, she had lived in solitude, as I afterwards learned, for seven or eight years.

It was many days before I could obtain a coherent outline of her sad history. She had gone to the south with my father—both of them broken down in health and fortune. When every avenue for finding a means of livelihood seemed shut out, my father destroyed himself.

Then my mother, friendless, distracted with grief, and her mental faculties undermined, conceived a longing to return to the old house and die there. At length, unknown to any one, she managed to find her way down to the Grange, and settled down in that attic chamber.

About once a month, on a Saturday night, my mother was in the habit of going thickly veiled to Holberton to procure provisions. Her mode of egress was down a narrow staircase, outside the attic, leading to the stable yard, and which must have been constructed after my departure from home. Avoiding the main road, and never entering into conversation with any one, she contrived to preserve her place of retreat a profound secret. To evade observation, she had always prepared her food during the night, sleeping in the daytime, so that the smoking chimney might not betray her presence. The fuel she used was woodwork, broken away from the house itself.

My mother suffered from aberrations and delusions; and after nightfall she usually gave vent to her inconsolable grief at the loss of her husband, children and worldly goods, in piteous cries and lamentations. When she awoke from her slumbers that Christmas Eve, she suspected some one had intruded into the house. After a search, she discovered me in the very room where I was born!—The Westminster Budget.

Common Sense  
Should be used in attempting to cure that very disagreeable disease, catarrh. As catarrh originates in impurities in the blood, local applications can do no permanent good. The common sense method of treatment is to purify the blood, and for this purpose there is no preparation superior to Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's PILLS cure constipation by restoring peristaltic action to the alimentary canal.

Pilets Piles! Heeling Piles.  
SYMPTOMS: Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail, for 25 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia.

"How to Cure All Skin Diseases."  
Simply apply "SWAYNE'S OINTMENT." No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, etc., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for SWAYNE'S OINTMENT. THIRAW

Lightning Hot Drops—  
What a Funny Name!  
Very True, but it Kills All Pain.  
Sold Everywhere, Every Day.  
Without Relief, There is No Pain!

Children Cry for  
Pitcher's Castoria.

## "A stitch in time saves nine."

This is a homely adage, but especially true as applied to disease.

Warner's Safe Cure is an infallible remedy for all diseases of the kidneys, liver and urinary organs.

Physicians do not pretend to cure Bright's Disease. We do.

We have thousands of testimonials to this effect.

If we cure "Bright's Disease," which is simply advanced kidney disease, we certainly can cure any lesser disease.

If there is anything the matter with you take Warner's Safe Cure. Don't delay. Remember the adage

## "A stitch in time saves nine."

FINANCE AND TRADE.

The Features of the Money and Stock Markets.

New York, Nov. 23.—Money on call easy at 1/2 per cent; last loan 3/4 per cent, closed at 1/2 per cent. Prime mercantile paper 2 1/2 per cent. Sterling exchange steady with actual business. Selling certificates 1/2 per cent. The total sales of stocks to date were 177,636 shares.

The volume of business on the stock exchange was lighter to-day than for some time past, and the speculation was less spirited. Coverings of short contracts caused a fractional advance in the opening dealings, but there was no real strength to the trading and a reaction quickly followed. Under a buying movement New Jersey Central sold up sharply and other shares advanced in sympathy, including Pullman, Western Union and Manhattan. Before 11 o'clock another reaction took place, and the market steadied itself for a while and gradually gained a fraction, but the temper of the speculation changed rapidly under the influence of the following news: The Chicago and North Western and the market closed unsettled with a majority of the shares trading in lower than the final figures of yesterday. The market was the chief sufferer. The sales for the day were \$1,024,000.

Government bonds strong and 1 per cent higher for 1/2 per cent lower for 1/2 per cent registered, and 1/2 per cent for 1/2 per cent.

State bonds dull. Railroad bonds easier.

BONDS AND STOCK QUOTATIONS—CLOSED BID.

U. S. 5 per cent 117 1/2  
U. S. 4 1/2 per cent 117 1/2  
U. S. 4 per cent 115 1/2  
U. S. 3 1/2 per cent 115 1/2  
U. S. 3 per cent 115 1/2  
U. S. 2 1/2 per cent 115 1/2  
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